

Akala - Where I'm From Lyrics

Yo, OK, OK, Yeah nice, OK
Where I'm from its not presidents, I'm trying to see the queen
Different toilet same shit, they're fiending for the big cream
Scheming their dough to the ceiling, till the no longer breathing
And they do shit to make us look heathen
The reason?
Born to a broken home, tears of my mother
Only those that no cos they've been there through all the hunger
Others judge us and snub us
They shouldn't
Growing up in my house, don't think you could of
Mummy hustling
, no one ever did us no favours
Except the neighbours
We used to borrow sugar and some toilet paper
Embarrassing when its my turn to knock
But its cool, what don't kill you only make you stronger
Know they say I'm conscious my words are positive
Its not that, to me its just the truth is obvious
And rather than talking bollocks about who I'd be clapping
I'd rather tell the truth about what actually happened
Every bodies killing five hundred man in the booth
The roads are bad but
If as much man was dying in the streets as was dying in the booth
They'd be nobody left
Stop with dishonesty man
All my home-boys locked up, everybody who's lost a family member
Ain't nothing sweet in the streets
Here in England now we got bloods and crips
I'm ashamed and embarrassed to have to admit
Our grandparents got chased cos they were black
Now we kill each other for colours in the union jack
Shit
This is not the sates, no American dream
Just a British nightmare with a similar theme
Same scheme, same fiend, same end to the dream
Same church, same hurt, same mother that screams
With the only difference being there's no opposites here
No Jigga no Simmons, no positives here
It is obvious we are not prospering here
What's horrible? I don't no if it's possible here
Our grandparents came here invited by our majesty
Tragically just to be treated like savages
No Blacks, No Irish and of course no dogs
And if it ain't cleaning toilets then of course no jobs
With all the Teddy boys attacking us and calling us wogs
Boys in blue at it too, apparently that's not on?

And here we are fifty years later, nothings improved
Its like we've gone back a step, like we chasing our roots
Here we are fifty years later nothings improved
We've gone back a step
But we ain't' chasing our roots
Don't know where you come from
You don't no where your going
Teach the yout dem man
Value of self, Understand?
When your watching your TV
Learning your history book
Listen, listen, Because...
Its just a bunch of lies that we perpetuate ourself
Being from the hood is not a definition of self
Circumstances don't define you, you define you
My baby diamond shines so bright it'l blind you
That's why I'm everywhere, fronting where rappers would never dare
No bodyguards, trust me my people I'm never scared
Not cos I think I'm hard, just that iv seen your vision
A million thugs in prison would die for my position
They get there so frequent for various reasons
When we're told we ain't shit we really believe it
Whether by another brother, a father, a mother
The television, or the teachers, police or the judges
Its covering the fear that they already no
You can only break a diamond with a piece of the same stone
Where strong beyond measure, ask your professor
How do you make a diamond? A billion years of pressure
And a diamond is found where? At first within the rough
So no matter where were at there's a diamond inside of us
Forget repping the ends, what the ends do for you?
Your worth so much more, If only you Knew, You Know?
All this ends rah, rah, rah, nonsense
That's exactly what it is just nonsense
All these rappers on TV talking shit about how much they bust their strap and Yah, Yah, Yah
You do not listen to them, their talking nonsense
They live in big nice houses
They got security, and bodyguards, and people to take care of them
Its an illusion, you understand?
And all the bitches, and the chains and the neck lasses in the video
Its just bollocks man, That's nobody's reality
When did the hood become so sweet?
That's no hood iv ever been in
Understand? The hood I no is miserable
The hood I no everybody's trying to get out of
So why are all these rappers dying to get back in it? And dying to be rude-boys?
When all the rude-boys are dying to be legitimate
So, Its just nonsense man, just be honest